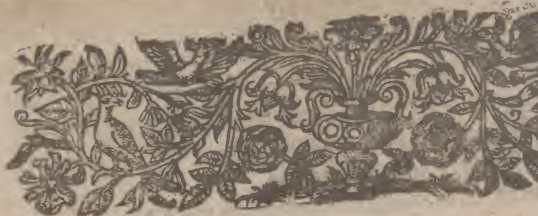


THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF  
KING RICHARD  
THE THIRD

Containing his last words  
and his death

As he lay in his bed

By Iohn Heywood



*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus*

**N**OW is the winter of discontent,  
Made glorious sommer by this Sonne  
And all the cloudes that low'r vpon e  
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean bu  
Now are our browes bound with victorius wre  
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.  
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings.  
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.  
Grim-visagde war, hath smoothd his wrinkled  
And now insted of mounting barbed fleedes,  
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,  
He capers nimble in a Ladies chamber,  
To the laciuous pleasing of a loue,  
But I that am not sharpe of sportiuetricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glasse  
I that am rudely stampd, and want loues maiesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;  
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, vnfinisht sent before my time  
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,  
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,  
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:  
Why I in this weake piping time of peace  
Haue no delight to passe away the time,  
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the sunne,  
And descant one mine owne deformity:  
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer,  
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,  
I am determin'd to proue a villaine,  
And hate the Idle pleasures of these dayes:  
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,

